

# Good Morning 224

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

DICK GORDON  
Presents  
STAGE-SCREEN  
and  
STUDIO

TWO Deans fell out recently; the cloistered calm of Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, was shattered by the Dean, 56-year-old Dr. de Labilliere, telling Dean of Mirth Bop Hope to get out of his yard.

Bob said, "O.K., Dean, we're going," and he went. With him went the entire Ministry of Information film unit that was shooting an instructional short for members of the American Forces in Britain.

"The Dean just blew in and threw his robes over the whole production; he just gave us thirty minutes to get out," Hope added.

Pity about that, because if they had parted pals Bob might have given a turn at the Dean's next fete. And anything might have happened then.



DR. DE LABILLIERE—  
"Get out"

THE Roads that lead to Morocco, Zanzibar and Singapore, "Caught in the Draft," and now "Let's Face It," gives me laughs even in the dentist's chair. Let's take the million-laugh guy out of can for a while and see how his grandfather looks on him.



BOB HOPE was born in England, but taken to the U.S. when he was a child.

On leaving school he started to study tap dancing. After a few lessons the instructor got a job in Hollywood, so Bob took over the classes. He was very successful, too!

One day Bob Hope learned that Fatty Arbuckle was going to make a personal appearance in Cleveland and that a couple of other acts were needed. He teamed with another youth, George Byrne, in a dancing act, and landed the job. When the show closed, Hope and Byrne went into vaudeville.

One night the manager of the theatre asked Bob to announce that a revue would appear at the theatre the following week. He told jokes during that announcement, and the audience roared. He was a terrific hit, and before he finished the announcement he had his act worked out.

He bade good-bye to his partner and sought bookings in night clubs, small theatres and

stag parties to perfect his act in the small time.

Finally, he went to Chicago and got a job as master of ceremonies in a small neighbourhood house. Before the second show the manager told Hope he could open in one of the larger theatres.

Bob was booked for three days—and stayed six months. Then he decided to storm Broadway.

Agents tried to spot him in small houses, but Bob rejected them, demanding central theatres. At first the agents were astonished and angry; then they grew respectful.

The offers increased in quality. Finally, Bob received an offer to play the Eighty-sixth Street theatre. His spot on the bill was next to closing. Leatrice Joy, then on a personal



BOB HOPE  
"O.K., Dean, I'm going"

appearance tour, had the closing spot. Bob accepted.

After the second show, offers of contracts poured in. Bob was signed for the stage show, "Ballyhoo." Then came another tour in vaudeville, followed by "Roberta." During this show, Hope loaned Fred MacMurray his hat and cane, so that Fred could make a screen test for Paramount.

MacMurray was signed as a result of that test.

Other big stage shows followed; the radio heard of Bob Hope, and he went on the air. Several film offers had been declined by Bob, until finally Paramount signed him for "The Big Broadcast of 1938," in which he scored a great success.

Since then he has been starred in a series of outstanding comedies, including "The Ghost Breakers," "Road to Singapore," "Road to Zanzibar," "Road to Morocco," "Caught in the Draft," "Star Spangled Rhythm," and "Let's Face It."



PEEKING at new pix, I see that "Only the Stars are Neutral," Quentin Reynolds' best-selling non-fiction book, is being filmed by 20th Century-Fox. The picture will have a foreword by the famous war correspondent, who is working with Lamar Trotti on the script. . . .

## QUESTION TIME—

### THE COMMONS' 'BRAINS TRUST'

By J. M. Michaelson

ON an average, members of the Government answer seventy questions at every sitting of the House of Commons. "Questions" is one of those unique and subtle changes in our method of Parliamentary government which makes the British Constitution the most flexible and stable in the world.

Sixty years ago, questions to Ministers did not average more than twelve a day, and played a comparatively small part in our system of democratic government.

To-day, the right of any Member to ask the appropriate Minister for information about any topic under the sun, from pensions to dried bananas and kettles to gun-mountings (the actual subjects of recent questions), is a keystone of our Parliamentary system.

Yet this right has never been "legalised," and any Minister can refuse to answer any question!

Occasionally Ministers do refuse, but it is a measure of their recognition of their position as "servants of the House" that the only reason they ever give is, "It would not be in the public interest to divulge this information." The right to question is not, incidentally, limited to Ministers. Any M.P. can be questioned about a private Bill he may be backing.

#### DEBATABLE QUESTIONS.

No debate may take place on a Minister's answer to a

question—a valuable rule of procedure, for in Continental chambers, where debate followed the question, the whole system of questioning broke down.

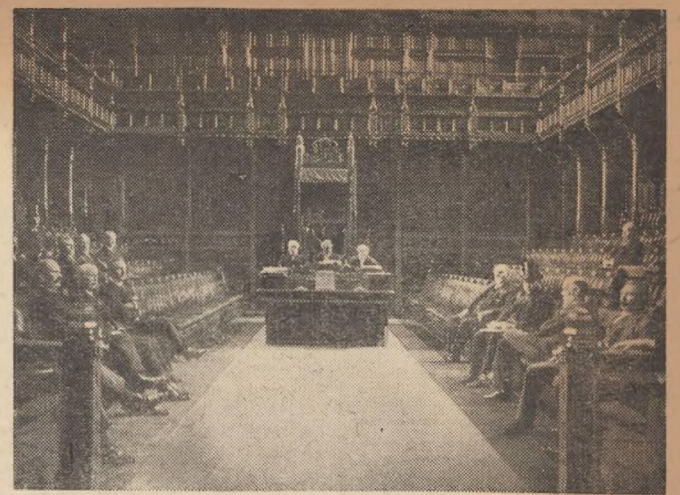
But Members are entitled to ask supplementary questions directly relevant to the subject. The Speaker is a final arbiter on the question of relevance.

A Member who wants to ask a question enters it on the paper provided for the purpose on the Speaker's desk, although during a recess he can send it by post; for answer when the House next meets.

If he wishes for a verbal answer in the House, he marks his question with an asterisk. Otherwise it is answered in writing, although all Members can read the answer when it is printed in Hansard next day. The question is also answered in writing if the Member is not in his place when the question is "called" by the Speaker.

It is an amusing fact that no question is ever actually "asked" in the House. The Speaker calls the Member's name, and he rises, simply giving the number of his question on the order paper, perhaps adding the name of the Minister to whom it is addressed.

All Members have the question in front of them, and this saves time. Most questions are brief, but a few years ago some Members tried, with great ingenuity, while keeping within the rules, to frame their questions so that they were in fact speeches.



A committee in session in the Commons.

Mr. Churchill, master of Parliamentary tactics, in 1937 managed to ask a question about India that occupied 24 lines and would have taken four minutes to read aloud! Mr. Churchill was not in his place when the question was called, and another Member's "supplementary"—"Is there any limit to the length of a question?"—was not answered.

The "epidemic" of lengthy questions died owing to the good sense of Members without any ruling being given.

Normally, more questions are asked by Members in opposition than those of the Government Party, but some Members "specialise" in questions. Not all are asked with the genuine object of obtaining information, but are framed rather to please constituents or to trap a Minister into an admission.

A vast amount of very valuable information is given in these questions, and many readers of Hansard find "questions" more interesting than most of the debates.

#### COSTLY ANSWERS.

The collection of information and preparation of the answers usually involve considerable work for the Minister's staff.

It is calculated that questions cost, on an average, between one and two pounds each to answer. Some, involving perhaps several journeys by officials to investigate matters, long-distance telephone calls, and considerable research, may cost many pounds.

Trivial questions are the exception, but sometimes a Member is led astray.

Some years ago a Member put the question, prompted by a constituent, why was it necessary to insert money in a public call office when making an emergency call for the fire brigade? He should have investigated first—it had not been necessary for many years!

The knowledge that any single act or decision, however trivial, may be the subject of a question in Parliament, is a great restraint on Civil Servants becoming tyrants in Britain. It is one reason why the British Civil Service—whatever we may say about it sometimes—is one of the least oppressive in the world.

Just before the war it was the Minister of Labour who came under the "heaviest fire" at question-time. In the last pre-war session Mr. Ernest Brown set up a record by answering 99 out of the 100 questions asked during a single question-hour.

The record is believed to be held by Mr. Eden, when he was previously Foreign Secretary. He answered 1,358 questions during a single session.

To-day, the Minister of Pensions and the Minister for War probably get the greatest number of questions, indicating the shift in public interest.

Question Time is rather different from a Brains Trust, for a Member must ask for information and not an opinion. Ingenuity, however, can usually get round this restriction, and Question Time has become one of the great bulwarks of the British method of Parliamentary government.

## YOUR WIFE SENDS HER LOVE A.B. J. DONE



SIT up and take notice, A.B. J. Done, for here is a report on your wife and family.

On a cold autumn day we went to your home at 124 Chell Street, Longsight, Manchester, and we arrived there just before your wife, who was returning from her war work in a confectionery factory.

She came down the road full of life, her auburn hair flying in the wind and her cheeks rosy red. She really was looking a picture of health. We have a message for you, Jim.

Edward! Remember your old partner in crime? Well, he has followed in your foot-steps and applied for the Navy. But let us warn you here and now that the next time you meet him in the

street you will have to do a spot of saluting. You see, Jim, he has put in for the rank of junior officer.

Your wife says she is looking forward to and hoping that you will be home in April for—you know what. She says she doesn't get around nowadays as all her free time is taken up with knitting tiny white woolly garments. But nevertheless she enjoys it.

Do you remember Darkie, that little black bundle of fur? Well, you would find it a trifle difficult to recognise him now because he has grown into a beautiful sleek tabby cat.

He is now waging a war of his own with the kitten next door. Try as they may, they cannot agree. All day and every day they are going into battle against each other, but to Darkie it is getting beyond a joke, because although he is twice the size of that wretched little kitten, he can never score a complete victory.

We asked your wife if she had any special message for you, and she said, "Please give him all my love."

And so we left your wife healthy, happy, and longing for your return.



## The Lady in Number Four

By Richard Keverne

PART VII

### USELESS EUSTACE



"There I—I knew that tongue of yours would get you into trouble one of these days!"

## WANGLING WORDS—179

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after O, to make the Egyptian god of wisdom.
- Rearrange the letters of O.K. ON THE MAP, to make a Devonshire town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FINE into WARM, BEER into MUGS, TRUE into BLUE, BEES into WASP.
- How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from PALAEOLITHIC?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 178

- Letter-ALE.
- CLACTON-ON-SEA.
- FREE, FRET, FEET, MEET, MELT, MILT, MIST, LIST, FLEE, FLED, FEED, FEND, FOND, FOOD, COME, CORE, CORK, CARK, BARK, BACK, QUILT, GUILT, GUILF, GUIDE, GLIDE, SLIDE, SLICE, SPICE, SPINE, SPINS, SHINS, SHIES, SHIER, SHEER, SHEET.
- Barn, Burn, Cube, Bane, Bale, Lane, Clan, Club, Bran, Bare, Care, Race, Real, Bear, Near, Lean, Crab, Cure, Lure, Rule, Rune, Lace, Luca, etc. Clear, Clean, Uncle, Learn, Lance, Brace, Cruel, Lucre, Nacre, Crane, etc.

## JANE



THERE CERTAINLY WASN'T ROOM FOR BOTH OF US IN THAT LITTLE ROOM, MATRON!!

...YES, I'M GLAD YOU CAN SLEEP HERE DURING THE XMAS HOLIDAYS, JANE—IF YOU'RE SURE YOUR HUSBAND WON'T MIND!



NOW WILL YOU KISS LITTLE ERNIE GOODNIGHT?—HE'S OUR MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM CHILD—THOROUGHLY HARD-BOILED—BUT I BELIEVE HE HAS A REGARD FOR YOU—



GOODNIGHT, ERNIE!—PLEASANT DREAMS!—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO ASK SANTA CLAUS TO BRING YOU THIS YEAR?

GARN!—IF YOU BELIEVE THAT SANTA STUFF YOU'LL BELIEVE IN THE STORK STORY TOO, MISS!!

TO Stephen Paternoster, Merrow made light of the incident. But, remembering Bailey's first shrill cry of fear and the man unconscious on the floor of his squalid room, Merrow was not so easily satisfied.

Stephen's point of view was unexpected. Old Paternoster was solely concerned with the good name of the "Black Boy"; as to why Jim Bailey had been fighting or whether he were badly injured or not appeared not to interest him at all.

"It don't do a house any good to get a name for quarrelsomeness," he said. "It's just as well Jimmie has cleared off, and the longer he stays away the better I'll be pleased."

To change the subject, Merrow passed Stephen a letter he had received that morning. It was from a London firm of hotel brokers, addressed to "The Proprietor, 'The Black Boy,' Wilford." The firm stated that they had a client anxious to purchase a country hotel in the Wilford neighbourhood, and that, understanding that the "Black Boy" was in the market, they would be glad to hear if the proprietor was prepared to sell.

Old Paternoster frowned as he read. Then, abruptly putting the letter aside, he said:

"I'm disappointed in young Linton. He hasn't been acting straight, and I don't like it."

"Young Linton?" Merrow queried.

"You remember, sir. It was him that wanted me to sell the house to the Wilborough Brewery, and I thought he meant it."

"I don't quite follow, Stephen," Merrow said, surprised by the old man's gravity.

"Nor I don't wonder," Paternoster answered. "Never a word all the time he was crazing me to sell, that it wasn't the brewery wanted it. Being him, and him a partner, naturally I never thought anything else. But I was wrong. And I'd still have been wrong if I hadn't run up against old Mr. Alfred Linton in Wilborough yesterday." Stephen leaned forward and spoke with a note of indignation.

"I'd been quite open and above board in all my dealings. I never promised it to young Linton, but from the letter he sent me when I wrote and told him I'd decided to sell to you, you'd a thought I'd been underhand. I've had dealings with the Linton firm for forty years, and they've got no cause to complain of me, nor me of them. And I told Mr. Alfred that when I met him."

"Well," Merrow said, wondering what had happened.

"He told me the firm never knew nothing about it till the other day. Young Linton, young Mr. Leslie that is, he was doing all the negotiations on his own, dealing with the letters and all. Mr. Alfred was right upset about it, and he told me straight out that young Linton's left the firm. From what he said, I reckon it wasn't the first time Mr. Leslie had been up to hanky-panky. And now this."

Stephen picked up the letter. "I reckon young Linton's behind it somewhere."

"But why, Stephen? If he wants to buy, why doesn't he come into the open and say so?"

"Don't ask me, sir. Unless he's buying for someone else. Like as not another firm—Bedworth's of Chipping Langham maybe; they're the big competitors of the Wilborough round these parts."

Merrow was puzzled with these intricacies of brewers' rivalries.

"I see," he said vaguely, and Stephen went on.

"Or maybe he thought he might run it himself. You'll recall how he wanted me to stay on. I made a few inquiries at the Crown afterwards—you get all the Wilborough news there—and they tell me Mr. Leslie's been about with a London gentleman, a solicitor they say he is, and they seem to think maybe this London gentleman might be going to back him, pay the money, if you know what I mean, to get hold of a few houses cheap, do 'em up, and make a bid for the motoring trade. Of course, that's only gossip."

"Who is this London solicitor?" Merrow asked. "Do you think he's put these people up to write this letter to me?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Not that I know anything about him. Name of Charlton, I think they said he was."

"Charlton!" Merrow exclaimed.

"That's right, sir. Do you know the gentleman?"

"No, no. Never heard of him. I was only wondering if I caught the name right. Ah, well, Stephen. I don't think we'll sell. Young Linton will have to look somewhere else for his inn."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Merrow," Stephen said with simple sincerity.

An hour later Merrow was on the road, driving to London. He had decided to go within a few minutes of leaving Stephen.

He had telephoned to Gwen and caught her at her flat on the point of starting back to Wilford. To her and to Stephen he had told a vague story of an urgent business matter that had to be settled at once, and Gwen had agreed to wait till he arrived.

Merrow knew that he was giving way to impulse and impatience, but he wanted to try to identify this man Charlton at once, and he saw no way of doing so in Wilford.

But he might in London. His plan was to seek the aid of his old firm. Merrow, Webb and Copeland had their own means of finding out the status and reputation of professional or business people.

Merrow perfected his scheme as he drove. He could put it to old Webb that Charlton might be seeking to do business with him, and he wanted to know something about him before negotiations were opened. Far better to put his questions to Webb personally than to write, and

the old boy could hardly refuse.

Webb did not refuse. Now that Merrow was out of the firm and no longer a source of irritation, John Webb thought only kindly of him.

He called him Hughie as he did in earlier days, and chaffed him about his new career. But he became more serious when Merrow spoke of his business.

"You're quite right, Hughie," he said. "You'll save yourself a lot of trouble by finding out who you're dealing with before you begin to deal. Now, what is it you want to know, my boy?"

"Everything I can about this man."

"That's a big order, Hughie, but we'll do our best. Charlton, you say? What are his first names?"

"Frederick E. A solicitor, I believe."

"And you think maybe there's something fishy about the fellow?"

"I won't say that. But I want to know."

Merrow showed Webb the letter, and the old man nodded.

"I see," he said approvingly. "You've got a chance to sell at a profit. All right, Hughie, we'll do our best. It will take a day or two perhaps."

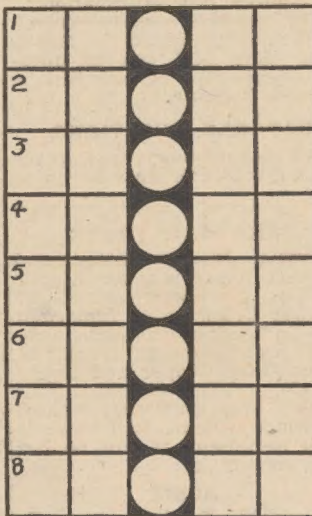
Merrow left the office with a friendlier feeling for old John Webb than he had known for many years. He drove on to his club, and telephoned Gwen again.

"What about dinner tonight? I know a quiet place where we can talk, and I've got some news for you," he said.

"I'd love to, Hugh," she answered.

"Right. Quarter to eight at Dorani's. And bring those papers with you."

Dorani's is a small, expensive, and extremely good little res-



When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues, the centre word down will give you the name of a British politician. Here are the clues: 1, Belonging to mankind. 2, Without them you would get cold feet. 3, Often found growing wild. 4, Common animal. 5, First. 6, Not clear. 7, Domestic implement. 8, Cash.

Solution in No. 225.

taurant in a backwater off Jermy Street.

Merrow had engaged a corner table, where they would be little disturbed. He ordered cocktails, then, consulting the carte, he said lightly, "I want this to be rather a specially good dinner, Gwen, just to show you the sort of thing I'm going to do at the 'Black Boy' one day."

He gave the order, and they settled down to the hors d'œuvres, and for a time they talked about the "Black Boy," half seriously, half jestingly. Merrow asked her to undertake the decorations of the bedrooms for him.

"You're an expert interior decorator, Gwen; I'll give you the job," he laughed, and she took him seriously.

"It would be fascinating," she said. "I've got ideas already."

They were still discussing her schemes and ideas when the sweet was served. Then, as they sat waiting for their coffee, Merrow said quietly:

"I think I've got a line on that man Charlton."

"What!" she exclaimed.

"Hugh—really?"

"I think so."

"How on earth did you do it?"

He told her the brief story, and of how he had asked his firm to pursue the matter.

Gwen did not reply for some moments. She sat staring down at the table, frowning and perplexed, as though she were trying to work out some problem. At length she said:

"Hugh, I expect you'll think I'm—I'm idiotic, but—I don't know—I can't explain it—but—I believe there's something more, more significant, behind this than we think. What I mean is, I've always wanted to know why Janet came to the 'Black Boy.' I've always felt it wasn't just chance. And somehow this man Charlton makes a sort of link. Silly, aren't I?" She forced a feeble smile.

"I can't explain it. It's a hunch more than anything else, like my feeling about Shinglemouth. But—I've never told you before because I suppose I thought you wouldn't like it. But the 'Black Boy' is the last place in the world I should have expected her to go. She loathed everything old, old houses, old pictures—everything. She hated the country really, and gardens. She didn't know a thing about them. She was the most terribly modern, urban person I ever knew."

"And yet she came to an old inn and pretended to be interested in gardens to Mr. Baldock. There's a reason for it somewhere. If she was just going to kill herself, why didn't she do it at Shingle-

## QUIZ for today

- A barranca is a tropical snake, fish, deep gorge, hat, scarf, mountain torrent?
- Who wrote (a) The Man from Blankley's, (b) A Man from the North?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—T, K, L, H, S, W, Y, X.
- In what sport are the terms "tierce" and "prime" used?
- On what river does Nottingham stand?
- What is the most easterly town in England?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Insurrection, Criticism, Noticeable, Quarrellsome, Volcanoes, Vehicle.
- What name is given to a flock of plovers?
- What was the real name of Buffalo Bill?
- What is Japan called by the Japanese?
- What is the capital of Northern Rhodesia?
- Complete the names, (a) — the Hermit, (b) — of Gaunt.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 223

- Alarm bell.
- (a) Mark Twain, (b) Machiavelli.
- Manchester is not a capital; the others are.
- Whitehall 1212.
- From Bedlington, a Northumberland village.
- Four.
- Confluence, Missile.
- Midshipman and Warrant Officer.
- Louise de la Ramee.
- Newport.
- Fellow of the Royal College of Organists.
- (a) Sapphira, (b) Gomorrah.

mouth, along that terribly lonely beach there? There was no one to see. And then her drinking like that. It doesn't fit."

He listened to her intently, feeling that there was something in what she was trying to express; a sense of the sinister, of unknown, uncomprehended things going on, all of which had a bearing on Janet's death. And they did somehow seem to centre about the "Black Boy." Things to which there was a clue somewhere.

And his practical mind told him that the clue was in Janet herself, in her past life. If they could find the cause of her troubles they could more easily understand its effects.

He put that point of view frankly to Gwen.

"I'm sure it's best to start at the beginning," he urged, and she agreed, if reluctantly.

And then she showed him the photograph.

(To be continued)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

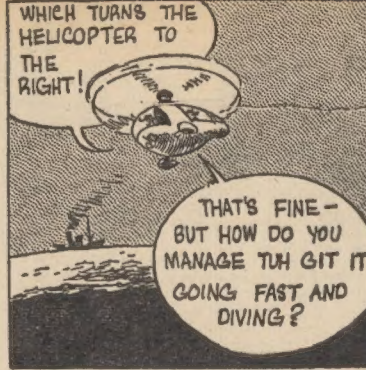
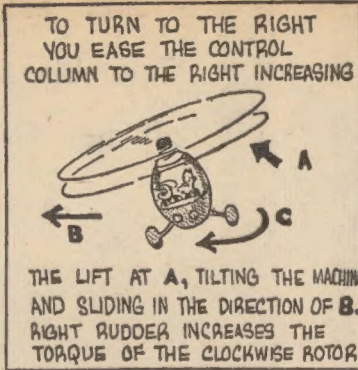
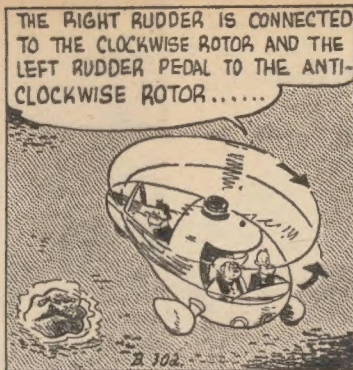
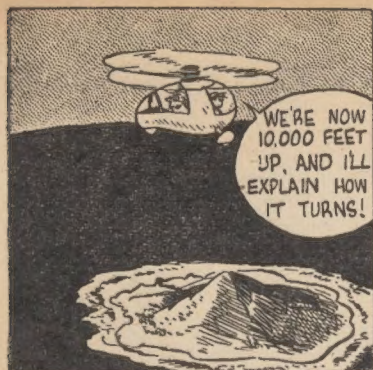
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- CLUES DOWN.
- Smack.
  - Based on current events.
  - Soold.
  - Supposing.
  - Preservative.
  - Ford on foot.
  - Keen perception.
  - Form of neuralgia.
  - Gossip.
  - Not rambling.
  - Convince.
  - Hint.
  - Self conceit.
  - Harvested.
  - Wine.
  - Amount to.
  - Have a meal.
  - Stopping cry.
  - Scottish river.
  - Girl's name.
  - Casual.
  - Concerning.

DOG BAWLED  
IBID MOONED  
MOLE BOTTLE  
ELATED RAN  
O'DOR DAYS  
INFER KEN E  
LORN A SCAR  
IRE TIDIES  
EMERITUS TA  
RAZOR ETHIC  
NEWELS ERE



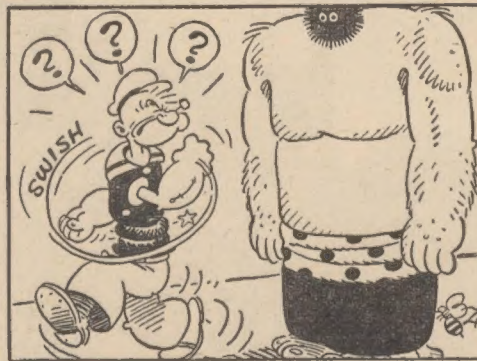
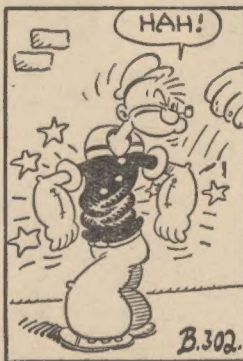
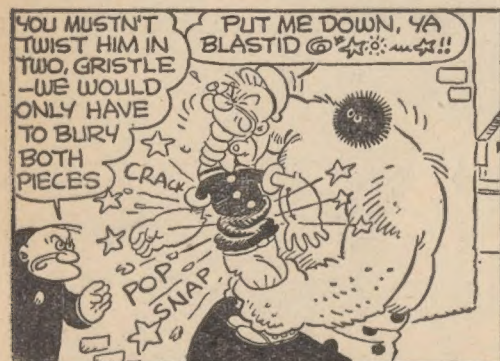
## BEELZEBUB JONES



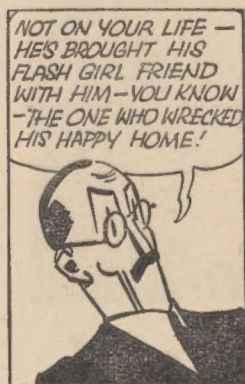
## BELINDA



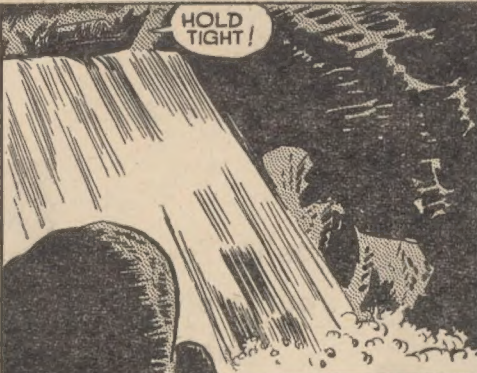
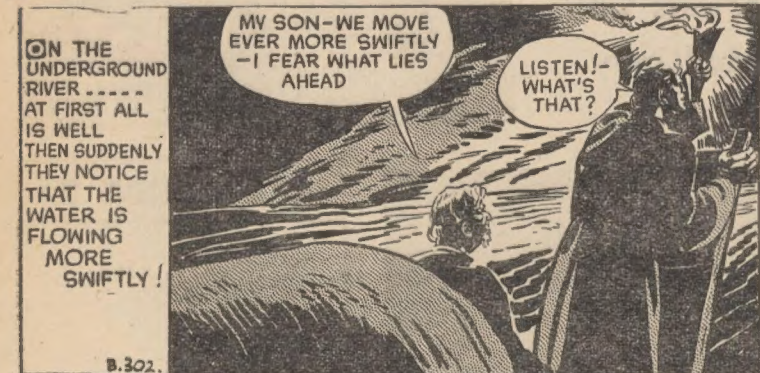
## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 15

By JOHN ALLEN

## NOTTS FOREST

ONE of the "great old clubs" of the League is Nottingham Forest—still a club, not a limited company—who have suffered many setbacks in their long career, but always have they come back to hit hard at their opponents.

They get the "Forest" in their title because the ground on which they play once formed part of Sherwood Forest, home of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. Not so very long ago the pitch used to be carpeted in crocuses. Yes, and they played football among them!

The Forest Club was formed for the game of shinney. It was when Notts County F.C. took to soccer that the Forest followed suit. Their first game was against the County, and their colour was red skull-caps. It has been red ever since.

In the years that followed that first match in 1865 the Forest were responsible for the introduction of the referee's whistle, goal-nets and shin-guards. Their captain, Samuel Weller Widdowson, was the man who introduced these things, and goes down as one of football's outstanding personalities of all time.

Weller's father was a great Charles Dickens fan, and named his son after the famed character in "Pickwick Papers."

Sam was an inside-forward, but once, after helping to select teams for an international trial match, he went to Kennington Oval to see the game.

At the last moment one of the full-backs was unable to play, and Widdowson, who had just recovered from a bad cold, turned to a friend and said, "I think I'll go out and have a kick-about!"

Can you imagine any of our F.A. selectors saying that to-day?

Anyway, Widdowson borrowed the referee's football boots, and shorts and jersey from other players, and raced on to the field. Although nearing the veteran stage, he put up a wonderful show—so good that his colleagues wanted him to play at back in the coming international.

"I'm too old," grinned Widdowson—and walked ten miles home!

On one occasion, in an F.A. Cup-tie against one of the Sheffield teams, Widdowson's side, with two minutes to go, were losing by one goal to nil. Then, by a superb effort, he scored the equaliser, and the ref. blew his whistle for time.

The Sheffield men should have played extra time, but they walked off the field and refused to return. After waiting for five minutes, without any sign of the Sheffield side returning, Widdowson walked the ball up-field, then planted it into the goal his opponents should have been guarding. He then claimed the match—and the F.A. upheld Widdowson's claim in one of the most unusual cup-ties ever.

A grand footballer and captain, his name will live for ever in football history.

But then, Notts Forest have always been fortunate in their choice of captains. Tom Graham, their international pivot and skipper to-day, is a typical example. Tom, an old friend of mine, was first given a trial for the old Forest early in 1927. Soon after the kick-off he received a bad injury which laid him up for seven months—but in the few minutes he had played officials had seen enough to sign him up.

He has proved his worth on many occasions since. Why, when playing in one match, at Norwich, he received a bad injury early in the second half. To ease his pain, he went on to the left wing—and scored the winning goal!

When he arrived back at Nottingham, and an X-ray was taken of his leg, it was discovered that it had been broken! Yet Tom had played on and scored a goal!

Some years ago, the then Lord Mayor of Nottingham's son, Tinsley Lindley, starred at centre-forward for the Forest. He scored 178 goals in three seasons—yet he was always willing to play in any position on the field. As a matter of fact, he figured in every position except goal for the club.

He had one little peculiarity. Never would he change in the club dressing-room. Always he donned his jersey and shorts at home, even if it meant wearing them on a long journey to an opponents' ground. In those days, because cars were unknown, he used to drive to matches in a dog-cart!

A truly great player, he, and others like him, laid the solid foundation for a club known by all, who, by the way, loaned Arsenal the first shirts in which they played.

It is one of the twists of fate that the "Gunners" are now a great power; Nottingham Forest a "steady" Second Division club.

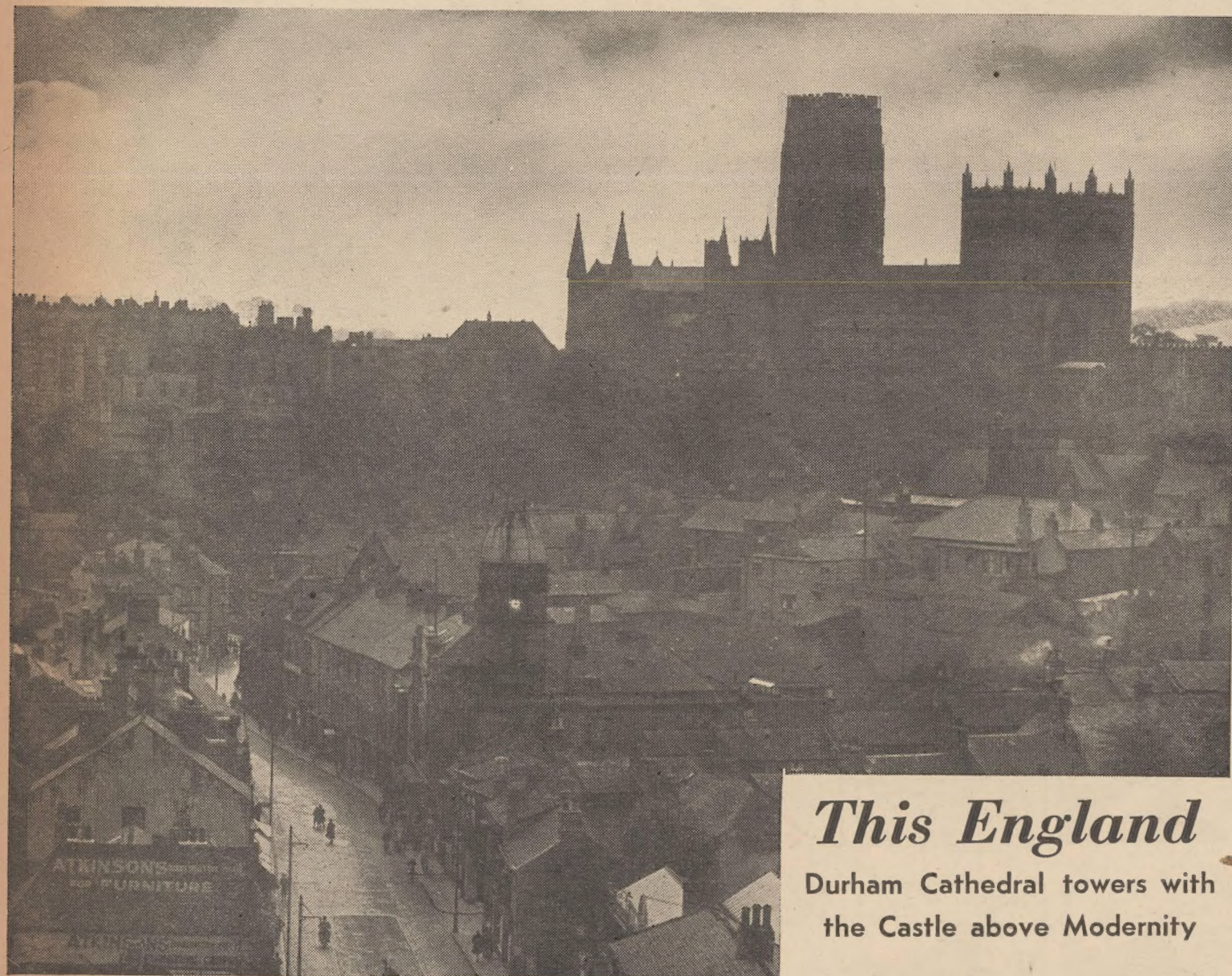


# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



Yes, old man. I wanted more milk and she called me a Tory!



## *This England*

Durham Cathedral towers with  
the Castle above Modernity



Yeah! You and  
your twelve old  
goats



You're under a  
slight misappre-  
hension, I  
presume



Jinx Falkenburg,  
Columbia star, showing  
off her swim suit it  
seems



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yeah, I see  
it."

